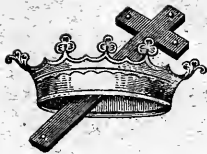


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MEMORIAL
OF
EMILY FRANCES MANCHESTER.

Regards of .

JAS. P. LANE.



Resting in the Lord and waiting Patiently for Him.

MEMORIAL
OF
EMILY FRANCES MANCHESTER.

A SERMON

IN THE
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BRISTOL, R. I.,

SUNDAY, P. M., JANUARY 9, 1876,

BY

J. P. LANE, Pastor.

Revised and printed for the use of her friends, by request.

PROVIDENCE:
PROVIDENCE PRESS COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1876.



MEMORIAL SERMON.

PSALM XXXVII., 7.—*Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.*

So sang the sweet singer of Israel. The sentiment is appropriate for every human life. Its fulfillment accords with the purest ideal of christian character. On entering upon the year 1875, which proved to be the last year of her life on earth, she, in whose memory we are met this afternoon, took these words for the year's motto, saying, "I think He helps me to do both."

EMILY FRANCES MANCHESTER, youngest daughter of Deacon William and Mrs. Frances F. Manchester, born in Bristol, R. I., October 4th, 1851, died on the morning of December 27th, 1875.

From early childhood she seemed to have a religious nature, sensitive, strong and happy, which was fostered and developed by the nurture of a christian home. When only about two years of age she checked her older brothers who, on a Sabbath evening, were giving vent to their exuberance of youthful spirits in a little playful sport, by repeating to them in sober earnestness the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." She attended the neighborhood Sunday school and at three years of age could answer with interest and without mis-

take all the questions in the little "Child's Catechism." She loved to make others happy, and would often leave her mates to go and sit with an aunt who lived in chambers of her father's house "that she might not be lonely." Her toys, books and pleasures generally she wished to share with others, and was apparently as much pleased with their enjoyment of them as with her own. She was very conscientious, afraid to do wrong, loving to do right, and grieved when anything went amiss. This religious nature, so early manifested, was very marked in later life after she became a professed disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Her school days were happy days. Having a somewhat delicate constitution she did not enter the public school of the District until she was about ten years of age. But she was a bright scholar, ambitious to learn her lessons perfectly, very fond of acquiring knowledge, and rarely failing in any task set before her. She made rapid progress in her studies, and was able, without difficulty, to keep along with those of her own age, although she only attended school during the milder seasons of the year, remaining at home in the winter. She not only found pleasure in learning, but showed a remarkable aptness in teaching. She was as fond of aiding her schoolmates and explaining to them the difficulties which she understood as of receiving instruction from her teachers. Although of a quiet and retiring disposition, she did not lack sympathy with the innocent sports and frolics of childhood and gladly shared the pleasures of her mates so far as she was able. She was therefore a favorite in school among the pupils, and great confidence was reposed in her powers by her teachers.

When she was but twelve years of age, the school being large, and the duties of the teacher specially arduous, such

was the confidence reposed in her abilities that a number of classes were committed to her entire care. These she carried successfully through the term, hearing them recite daily and explaining their lessons to them, and exhibiting the results of her and their work at the Public Examination in such a way as to win golden opinions from all. This she did as a labor of love, without pecuniary compensation, and won the high praise from both the teacher and school officers, that to her,—though but a child, teaching pupils some of whom were older than herself,—was due in no small degree the success of the school; that, without her valuable aid, the teacher could not have done his work so satisfactorily to himself or others. The most beautiful thing about it all was that she did not forget her place as a child and fellow pupil, assumed no consequential airs of superiority with her mates, but with becoming modesty did what she was asked to do, and with conscientious fidelity did it well.

Her attachments for the school of the Middle District were very strong and cordially reciprocated by both teacher and fellow pupils. She continued a member of it until she had advanced in her studies far beyond what was required for admission to the High School. She left it regretfully, and the demonstrations of affection for her, on the part of teacher and school-mates, at the last Public Examination, deeply moved the parents and friends who were present.

Entering the High School at about fourteen years of age, on the second year of its course of study, she at once took rank among the best scholars, and in three years completing the course, graduated April 23d, 1869, with the highest honor of her class. There is much of her personal history while a member of this school which would be interesting

to note, but we can only now refer to a few of the most important facts.

It was while she was a member of this school that she made a public profession of faith in Christ, and united with the church in this place to which all the members of her father's family belonged except herself. For several months she had been specially serious and thoughtful of her personal relations to God. Under the searchings of the Holy Spirit her past life was reviewed, and, although that life had much in it that was truly amiable she felt that it lacked the chief essential thing. She felt that she was a sinner before God under the condemnation of His holy law. She perceived the grace, the beauty and loveliness of the Gospel, and longed to be a true disciple of Christ. She felt her way along to a clear and discriminating understanding of salvation by the cross. She heartily accepted the offers of mercy and believed her Saviour. Yet, while her heart warmed with love to Jesus and she felt that she was willing to give up all *for* Him, she questioned, "Am I ready to give up all *to* Him?" Under the searchings of this question she continued several days, until she was led to a full consecration of herself *for* and *to* Christ, and a cordial, happy faith in His grace. Her face was radiant with the joy of salvation as, in company with twelve others, she stood in the presence of the congregation on the 1st of July, 1866, and entered into covenant with her Lord and His people. From this time forward, while to a superficial observer there might not have been manifest any marked change in a life that had been singularly correct from childhood, to those who looked deeper than the surface it was evident that she was governed by a new impulse, end and aim. This was seen, not in wordy profes-

sions, but in the spirit of her daily conduct, the high moral tone of her discharge of the simplest duties and many quiet, unostentatious ways in which she followed her Saviour. She made no pretensions to entire sinlessness of life; nay rather, hers was ever a penitential spirit, meek and lowly, conscious of the frailties of human nature. Yet, she "rested in her Lord and waited patiently for Him," aspiring ever to know Him more perfectly, and grow in the grace of conscious fellowship with Him. She was *happy* in her faith, and it was evident to all that she *enjoyed* religion.

With eight of her schoolmates she united in an association called "The Christian Band of the Bristol High School," in which she was Secretary and one of the most efficient workers. They held devotional meetings regularly, usually in the morning before school hours, to which fellow pupils and friends were kindly invited. The records of these meetings are an interesting chapter in school life. They were seasons of deep and tender interest, productive of great good. They in no respect interrupted or unfavorably affected the routine of school duties; nay rather, by inspiring noble christian motives, they gave a fresh interest to the pursuit of knowledge and entered with a sweet and refining ministry into the culture and growth of character, which was invaluable. The influence of "the Band" was not limited to devotional meetings. Their motto was, "Do right always," and they were greatly helpful to one another in overcoming faults of character and promoting the growth of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

The day of graduation is spoken of as an occasion of rare interest. The Town Hall, in which the public exer-

cises were held, was filled with a large audience of the patrons and friends of the school, and all the parts were very creditably performed. The parting hymn was composed by her, and was very impressive. Her essay was the gem of the occasion. Her theme was "The True Philosopher's Stone." With remarkable power of thought and great beauty of diction she described the ancient legend and the search of many in all ages for the magic stone. Her words sparkled in glowing light as she told of its final discovery and the priceless treasures it brought to the happy possessors, closing as follows :

"The treasure once obtained no mortal hand can tear it away. All the tortures human skill could devise have proved insufficient to wrest it from its possessors without their voluntary consent. Iron fetters and gloomy dungeons, the cruel rack and fiery flames have been alike powerless. Why did those who wear the martyr's crown meet death so bravely, singing triumphant songs to the last? Was it not that they might retain their cherished possession, which no fires with scorching breath could destroy; theirs, when the glorified spirit had quitted its frail temple, when the voice had joined the redeemed in the heavenly anthems, and tears were forever dried by the loving Father's hand?

"Ah! that stone has magic power indeed. It glorifies the sombre background of storm and tempest with the rainbow light of hope. When all else fails, it comforts and sustains. It transforms death into an angel who takes our hand and gently leads us home into eternal glory and joy. It lights up the dark valley with golden light.

And dost thou ask this secret charm,
Would'st know its magic spell?
That charm is *Deathless trust in Him*
Who 'doeth all things well.'"

The valedictory words which followed were in the spirit of her grand theme. To her classmates she said :

“We live in an age of action. Let us go forth not to drift onward with the rushing tide. There must be more preparation than intellectual culture merely. Our hearts must be given to One who will guide and strengthen us. Our lives must be consecrated to His service. Without this preparation we shall gather no golden fruit, ‘nothing but leaves.’ Let us exert whatever influence we have for the cause of right and give our support to all that is pure and true. We may never have the privilege of telling the story of the cross in foreign lands, but we have a daily ministry in speaking words of kindness and helping others bear their burdens. We may never fill high positions; for, as one has said, ‘God does not call many of us to be poets, orators, or distinguished people of any kind. But he calls every one of us to do our duty.’ Let us cultivate every power as far as possible. Let us win all the treasures of knowledge we can win, and then use them all in doing good. ‘We live in deeds, not in years.’ If our life-work has been one of which our Master will approve; if we have lived for Him and not for self, the influences we have left behind will last long after our names are forgotten.

‘Not ourselves, but the truth that in life we have spoken,
Not ourselves, but the seed that in life we have sown,
Shall pass on to ages, all about us forgotten
Save the truth we have spoken, the deeds we have done.’

“Let our class motto---*Nemo sibi nascitur*; No one lives to himself---impress itself deeply on our hearts. Let the influence of the noble sentiment which it conveys make itself felt day by day. * * * * * We are ever to stand ready to minister to others. There is only one example of such a spirit in its perfection. We have it in the record of One whose whole life was spent in doing good, and who died on the cross for those who were His enemies. In Him we have a model. If we study it and endeavor to imitate it in our lives, it will be found true of us that we have not lived for ourselves alone.”

From early childhood she took an active interest in the

Sabbath school of this church, and both as a pupil and a teacher was very useful. Her contributions as a child to the public concerts, in the recitations of Scripture and sacred poetry, were ever most interesting and impressive. Soon after she publicly professed her faith in Christ she took charge of a class of small children and became deeply interested in their personal welfare. She not only met them in school but at their homes. She followed them with her prayers, and in every way open to her sought to win them to the Saviour. They felt that she loved them, and listened, with eager eyes and warm hearts, to her instructions. One of them was by accident at home severely scalded and lived only a few days after. She visited him, and faithfully, lovingly, talked with him. Ere he expired she received the fruit of her ministry in his confession that he loved Jesus and was going to be with Him in heaven.

At the close of the war a number of colored people who had been slaves came to this town. A friend gathered some of them into the Sabbath school, forming a class in whom she became deeply interested as their teacher. Circumstances compelling her at length to give up the class to the care of another, Miss Manchester seemed to be Providentially pointed out as the one best fitted for this position. She shrank from the responsibility, for they were much older than herself, and one of them with head grown gray with age. But after prayerful consideration she consented to the service as in the line of her Master's call. She became deeply interested in them, and their hearts warmed toward her with grateful emotion. No class in the school listened more intently to teacher's words than did they, and learning from them "what a blessed little woman their teacher was," an aged colored woman came and begged the

privilege of joining the class. Every Sunday after this found her there with the men, sitting close to "the little teacher," and looking up into her face with an eager interest which was itself a reward for all her labor of love. After awhile, as the members one after another left town, the class was broken up, but they never forgot their teacher and she never forgot them. They never tired of speaking of her worth and the great good she had done them, and she never tired of speaking of her pleasure in teaching them. One of them was present at her funeral, a sincere mourner at her early death.

Her sympathies were warmly enlisted in behalf of the colored people who seemed "hedged in" by many difficulties and in some respects deprived of "a fair chance" in life. In many quiet ways she did what she could to help them; and the recipients of her favors gratefully appreciated them. Only a few days before her death she rallied strength to write a letter of kind counsel and encouragement to a young friend in the Institution at Hampton, Va., the last words that she ever wrote.

After the class of colored men was broken up she took charge of a class of girls, for whose welfare she labored faithfully and lovingly, and who gave her their love and confidence in return. Of some of them she entertained the hope that they had received Christ, and commended them to her pastor for his special attention; and it was ever her prayer that all might be embraced in the fold of Christ. Regretfully she resigned the care of this class to another on leaving home to become a member of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Mass.

It is of interest to note the causes which led her to desire to supplement the education received in the schools of

her native town by the superior advantages of this honored Institution of Learning, and something of her life there. The controlling thought of this desire, and the animating purpose which governed her there, was the same that she so nobly expressed in her valedictory on graduating from the High School ;—not for herself but for her Master, that she might thereby be better fitted for His service.

After graduation she was employed for a season as a private teacher of a number of children in the neighborhood of her home. She loved this work, and gave great satisfaction to her employers, but the suggestion had come to her mind that she might be useful as a missionary. She would love to go—if it was the Lord's will—as other christian women were going, under the impulse of a hallowed inspiration to do a work among their degraded heathen sisters abroad, which is the marvel and glory of modern Missions. But such were the obstacles in the way that she hardly dared to look very hopefully in this direction. Still her heart was imbued with the missionary spirit at home or abroad, according as the Lord might lead her ; and she cheerfully rested the case with Him, only anxious that His will concerning her should be accomplished.

She waited not for large opportunities for distinguished services, but saw openings for missionary work all around her. Here she saw how she could help a former school-mate and friend in trouble, and by a quiet, unostentatious ministry, she did a work of inestimable value to that friend whose benefits abide until now, although she, perhaps, never knew what was so noiselessly done in her behalf. There she saw the way open to give comfort and joy to certain poor families whose opportunities were limited, and she gladly went to sit by their side to read the Word of

God and give consolation, a kind ministry continued untiringly for many months, acknowledged with tender gratitude by the recipients of it to this day. Many similar services in a missionary spirit she did in this community, some of them well known, but many more that are of the character which lets not the left hand know what the right hand doeth, services worthy of profoundest gratitude and admiration.

Her desire for more extended studies at South Hadley, and the missionary spirit which prompted it, being known to a few friends, the way was Providentially opened for its realization. Grateful to the friends who so kindly aided her and joyfully thankful to the Lord for his Providence, she entered the Seminary at the opening of the Fall term in the year 1871. She still regarded the question of a future missionary life abroad as undecided, yet she rested in the Lord and waited patiently for Him, glad to follow the leadings of His Providence, equally glad to leave the unknown future to be revealed in His own time and way. To her kind patrons at this time she expressed her feelings respecting this question in these words :

“It looks simply impossible. Still I should not feel it right to abandon it until I should see very plainly that it was not my work. It was a plan adopted from no momentary influence, and if ever given up it will be because I feel that God is leading me elsewhere.”

Expressing her gratitude for the opening opportunity for culture at South Hadley, she wrote :

“I am very thankful that such an opportunity as the present affords is mine. I cannot doubt that God has ordered it all, even

in years past, directing all things to this one end. Looking back upon the past makes me feel more deeply than ever that if I but trust myself simply and entirely to God's guidance He will lead me into whatever He has for me to do for Him."

Entering the Seminary in this spirit she soon won the confidence, sympathy, and love of her associates, and the high regard of her teachers. She became at once charmed with the character of the school, and breathed the atmosphere of its christian consecration with warmest sympathy. Her fidelity to all her school duties, her amiable, christian spirit, and her rapid progress in her studies made a deep impression and won for her a large place in the hearts of all who knew her. She entered heartily into all the religious exercises of the school, and in the same quiet and unostentatious manner in which she had done so much good among her friends in Bristol, she did what she could there. The morning and evening devotions and the Sabbath morning Bible lesson, with the whole school assembled in a body, were to her seasons of deep interest. But the fellowship meetings of her Section, wherein the idea of home or family piety was sought to be realized, were the strongest attractions of her school life here. In these she formed most enduring friendships and received fresh impulses to devotion in her Master's service.

Keeping in view the missionary idea of life she was deeply interested in whatever had relations to the missionary service as connected with this Seminary. The visits and addresses of returned missionaries, and the reminiscences of those especially who were formerly members of the Institution greatly moved her, and she wrote graphic accounts of these to her friends here. But the sacrifice of

the school in giving up one of the teachers to be a missionary, while she was there, affected her perhaps the most deeply of all. Of this she wrote as follows :

“ The missionary work has been brought very near us of late. At devotions one morning a request like this was presented, ‘ Miss Washburn asks you to pray for her as she is about to leave you for Turkey.’ Miss Washburn is one of our best loved teachers. The trembling voice of our Principal, which failed her almost utterly, and the sobs which were heard in all parts of the room, told, during the prayer that followed, how deep was the sorrow at the thought of the separation which must so soon take place. * * * * * She is well fitted for her work. We are not offering to the Lord that which costs us nothing in giving her, but I am sure that we all rejoice that we can thus sacrifice for such a cause.”

At the close of her first year here she wrote gratefully of the benefits she had received and of her sense of renewed obligation to serve the Lord with corresponding fidelity, adding these words, “ I cannot tell you how much this year has been to me.” Respecting the question of missionary life abroad she wrote :

“ I do not feel that the question of missionary life has yet come to a definite decision. I leave myself wholly in the hands of Jesus, trusting Him to guide me, holding myself ready through His strength to go anywhere, to do anything as He shall show me. He will lead me aright. It takes all the unrest out of life to trust everything into His hands.”

Returning home at the close of her second year here she resumed her place in the Sabbath school, and took care of a class of girls assigned her by the Superintendent. She labored for them with the same fidelity as with former classes, while the question was under consideration whether

she should return to South Hadley and complete the course of study there. Having decided to return, she resigned the care of this class to another, and went back to Seminary life for the winter term. Her feelings and views respecting this appear in the following note to one of her confiding friends :

“My coming back here this year has been a great surprise to me. All through the past year I don't think I doubted that God would do just what was best about it. It was a subject of frequent prayer, and, as the year was drawing to a close, I brought the whole matter to Jesus, telling Him my own wishes, but asking only for His plans for me to be carried out. He knew what work in the world He had for me, and if He saw I needed the culture and discipline of another year here to fit me for it I asked Him to make the way clear for my return. * * * * I always thought it would cost me much to give up my course here, but it was not so. I had decided not to return, because I felt Jesus had work for me at home, and the strongest feeling was intense thankfulness that wherever I might be I could still do His work, if I were only where He placed me. Though it might be a quiet round of home duties it would be sweet because done for Him. When I came home the way was made clear for return, and so it is sweet to feel and know that God places me here because He sees I need this preparation for His work. Oh, it is just the most joyful thing to leave one's self wholly in God's hands, only asking to be led by Him, to be used by Him, wherever and in whatever manner He sees best. I think it was Mary Lyon who said, ‘I fear nothing in the Universe but that I shall not know my whole duty, or knowing shall not perform it.’ I re-echo her words with all my heart. Pray that I may never falter in following Jesus wholly, fully and never refuse to render the service He asks of me. I can never do it except by His strength. Pray that I may never fail to seek that.”

During this term she contracted the disease from which

she never recovered. Holding on to the end she came home prostrated, yet hoping by vacation rest to rally strength to go back at the beginning of the following term. But she never went back. Slowly and gradually she declined until it became manifest that her dream of graduation could not be realized. Knowing how deep an interest she felt in her school life, how strong were her attachments to the beloved Seminary and the dear friends found there, and how tender and earnest were the messages of sympathy and love she received from teachers and school-mates, longing for her return, her friends here felt deep sympathy in her disappointment, and expressed regrets for her sickness. But she was herself calm and cheerful, uncomplaining and perfectly submissive to God's will. The secret of her peace appears in a note to that confiding friend, with whom she had so often taken sweet counsel. She wrote :

" speaks of my 'severe trial of invalidism.' Perhaps it does seem so to others, and now perhaps you would feel less anxious about me could you know how all these changed plans have affected me. Years ago God made me willing to leave myself wholly in His hands, that He might do with me anything He saw best. Since then, His guidance in everything has been so clear to me that it has been a source of great joy. You know how prayer made plain the way to enter the Seminary, and how it opened the way afterwards when it seemed closed. The one thing I asked for was that God would show me whatever He would have me do, and if He saw I could do better work for Him by a more complete education that He would make the way plain. He did. When the last term at South Hadley was closing I saw that my health must change for the better or I could not remain. Often I brought the case to Jesus, seeking only His will in the matter. When I saw that I must give up the Seminary there was very little of disappointment after all, for was it not the

will of One whose wisdom was infinite, and whose love was as great as His wisdom? The thought that He who sees the end from the beginning ordered it was enough to quiet every doubt. Why it is so, I do not see, but I know that my God has done it and I am content. I can trust Him though I never see the reason of all this change. I do not ask to have my plans succeed. It is so sweet to think His plan for me cannot fail. Whatever work He gives me to do will be very happy work because from Him. I know that to some it is to suffer, and if it be so for me He will give the grace I need and make it joy rather than pain.

“When the days have been more wearisome than usual I could almost forget the weariness because it was sent by Him, and He was teaching me something. *Even because He loved me* He was teaching me thus things I could learn in no other way. Though no one else knew, it would please Him to see me patient, and so far as possible, thoughtful of others. To how many prayers these days of poor health are sent in answer, who can say?

“I think my courage might fail sometimes were it not that each day comes the promise ‘My grace is sufficient for thee,’ and not only for that day will there be grace, but He assures me that ‘As my days, so my strength will be.’ The burdens may be very heavy, but they never will be too great.

* * * * *

“Do not feel anxious about me. I am in the safest of all places in God’s hands. Words cannot express to you what joy, what peace, what quiet rest I have in Him. I am not troubled about the future. I ask that God will prepare me for all He is preparing for me, and I am sure He will. I can see that in these days He is helping me to see many sins I never saw before, but they only lead me closer to the Source of all help for grace to overcome. Again and again some new and beautiful truth shines out from His word and becomes a priceless treasure.

* * * * *

“I am still so far off from what I want to be. I long to have self so wholly lost in Christ that God can work through me in doing much good. How can I sum all up better than by saying,

I long to be all God wants me to be, which is of course the very best I can be.

* * * * *

“Do you remember the prayer of Jacob? That one clause, ‘O that the Lord would bless me indeed,’ is often in my thoughts and in my prayers. What are in God’s sight the truest blessings, I long for. Real blessings I know are often not so in seeming, and if God gives me the truest blessings I may have much need to pray for the strength perfected in weakness, that I may be made strong to bear cheerfully many a trial.”

At one time during that first year’s sickness the kind friends who had been so deeply interested in her life, proposed a journey for her, thinking it might prove a benefit to her health and a source of happiness. Though she gratefully appreciated the kind offer the plan did not meet with her approval. Fearing that she had expressed her dissent too strongly, she wrote as follows in apology :

“When I spoke so very strongly in disapproval of a journey I may have seemed to scarcely recognize the kindness that would, if possible, give me relief in some way. Though the plan cannot be carried out I think very gratefully of the interest which prompted it. I cannot but be very grateful for the many undeserved favors I have received from these kind friends and for the confidence they have reposed in me.

* * * * *

“We all know that I can never finish my Seminary course, and that, so far as we can see, there is very little possibility of active work of any kind. These broken plans give me neither regret nor pain as far as I am concerned. The only thing that causes me pain is that I must disappoint my friends. Yet they only bade me do whatever the Master showed me and He meant, though we little thought it then, that my service should be that of ‘those who only stand and wait.’ I cannot but feel sure that

however disappointed they may have felt, they would not have it otherwise any more than I would."

During a large part of her life she kept a private journal, in which she wrote down some of her most sacred thoughts and experiences. This was excluded from the sight of even her most intimate friends, to whom nothing of the record was known beyond the simple fact that it was made. It was part of her closet communings alone with her Saviour, open only to His eyes whom she leaned upon as her best friend and her God. It would be interesting and suggestive to us could we look in upon this sanctuary of her deeper life and listen to her silent musings alone with her God. But we cannot do it. Even were we able the question might arise, "Would it be lawful?" But she has set that at rest by seeing to it that these sacred writings of her soul-life should not be left behind when she was called home to God. But since her decease there has been found among her papers a few brief scraps of meditations, most touching and beautiful. We venture to quote two of these.

On the last day of the year 1868, she wrote :

"It does not seem like the last night of the old year. This is always a time of backward glances. The past year has been full of blessing. It seems as if in temporal things almost every desire has been granted. It is one year nearer seeing Jesus. Thank God for the year past, for all, whether of joy or of sorrow.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I,
Than e'er I've been before."

On the first day of the year 1869, she wrote :

“A new year. An unknown future stretching away before me. It is all unknown. I cannot tell what joys or sorrows coming days will bring. There may be before me joys deep and pure. There are conflicts at least. There are victories to be won. There is work for the Master. There is one thing certain, Jesus will order all changes in infinite love. His grace will be sufficient for me. Whether this year is the last or only one of many years on earth, whether life or death be in the unknown future, all will be well.”

“All will be well!” “All is well!” were her last uttered words. Was the thought so beautifully expressed six years before a prophecy of the peaceful sleep at last in Jesus?

For many months she wasted away until nearly two years of sickness had passed. She gratefully appreciated the kind attentions of friends and the loving ministry of the christian home in whose nurture and genial social life her years from infancy onward had passed. She felt grateful for the devoted love of parents, brothers and sister which prompted them to unstinted efforts to do all in their power for her comfort and happiness. She welcomed with a smile of sweet peace the visits of her pastor, her physician and other christian friends. She did not talk much of her inner life. There had never been any cant of pietism in her speech, any pretentious boasting of her joys or attainments of grace. Ever humble, meek and lowly, she impressed you as one who was a sincere follower of Christ, who, “forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” She was ever cheerful, peaceful and happy. She only feared lest that in her feebleness she might be too ex-

acting of the ministry of others, and be too selfish in receiving their loving attentions. It was a pleasure to them to minister to her needs, and this reconciled her to her dependence on them. To none of all did her heart beat more gratefully—and justly so—than to the devoted sister whose life from her infancy onward had been almost entirely inseparable from her own. The night before her departure she slept well, and the morning opened with bright omens of a day of comfort and sweet rest. But a change was soon noticed, and her sister, unremitting in the ministry of love to the last, ran to her side, pillowed her head gently on her shoulder, and heard the last feeble accents of her voice saying, “All is well,” and the immortal spirit was gone.

Much more might be said of her life and character, but time passes and we must close. We are happy, however, in this place to give the testimony of some of her teachers at South Hadley, in letters received since her decease.

Miss Julia E. Ward, the Principal, writes :

“Her character seemed to me remarkably symmetrical, and her mental powers of a superior order. It was a pleasure to meet her in the class-room or in christian fellowship. Her consistent life and her deep interest in the cause of Christ at home and abroad, gave promise of peculiar usefulness. This world is poorer and Heaven richer since she exchanged the one for the other.”

Miss Anna C. Edwards, one of her teachers, writes :

“She was very dear to us all. I knew her well, and had many pleasant conversations with her. I had anticipated much from her senior year with us, but how sadly were we all disappointed. To those friends who have watched her beautiful ripening for

Heaven during these last years we can say nothing which they do not know of her almost perfect christian character. I can believe too that she may have showed a peculiar cheerfulness in all her sufferings, of which we used to notice such unexpected traces here beneath an unusually grave exterior. She had a most excellent influence here even over those who were not at first won to her. I remember well seeing her, one day, running down hill on the grounds behind the Seminary, in company with her room-mate, who was younger and gayer than she, and I can hear her happy laugh now, that did more than one heart good, I am sure, at the time. We would have spared her valuable life for many years of service on earth, but we are sure it is well with her in the better home above."

Miss Mary O. Nutting, another of her teachers, with whom she was, perhaps, the most intimately associated, writes :

"In regard to our lamented young friend, Miss Manchester, I can assure you of our high appreciation of her character, while she was a pupil here, although her extremely modest and retiring nature prevented her being well known to every one. She was an excellent scholar, an amiable and valued member of our family, and a most exemplary and consistent christian. Her exceeding conscientiousness in everything, whether small or great, was a trait which we immediately observed, and in which we were never disappointed. Instead of contenting herself with so nearly keeping the rules that her failures would be considered excusable, it was her habit not to make any failures at all.

"We hoped she was to be very useful on earth, and so doubtless she has been during these two years of patient suffering, as well as in her days of health. The last time she wrote me in October last, she spoke of her own opinion that she could not live long; and added, with characteristic thoughtfulness for others, 'But I would not have my home friends know this. I am none the less cheerful, nor do I feel I am shortening my life in the least by a quiet facing of the possibilities of the case.'

“Please assure her family of my sincere sympathy in their grief, and also in their joy that she is at length safe at home.”

Let it not be supposed, from this imperfect sketch, that she was one who stood apart from earthly joys and lived in a spiritual atmosphere above and beyond the reach of common mortals. On the contrary, she entered with quiet joy into all the innocent pleasures of earth, and had a fine appreciation of whatever was beautiful and attractive in the world. She did not in manner or in words repel even the thoughtless and the gay, and among her associates and friends were many, who were not imbued with the spirit of devotion in which she lived, who yet were strongly attached to her, and felt in her presence a silent drawing to higher aspirations for a better life.

We have attempted no strict analysis of her character, preferring rather that the simple narrative of facts and experiences and the unfolding of her spirit in her letters and other writings should make their own impression upon the hearts of all. If there is one thought in all her life that stands out more prominently than any other, it is that expressed in the words: “Resting in the Lord and waiting patiently for him.”

The lines which she recited in a Sabbath school service ten years ago, which will be remembered by many, are invested with new meaning now.

“I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here;
No keen and thrilling pain;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have reached the joys of heaven ;
I am one of the sainted band ;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free ;
And the glorious walls of heaven will ring
With my new born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain ;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph 's come.

Oh, friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are waiting still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no !
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again ;

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from whence it came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out in the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why do your tears run down,
Why your hearts so sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?"

[Nov., 1865.]

To the christian household, bereaved in her death, there
comes sweet consolation in the precious memories of a life

now doubly dear, since they may look upward to its glad fruition in the Heavenly Mansions. The hallowed walks of the home, she so dearly loved, will be fragrant with sweet suggestions of what she was and what she did, and while there must be the pangs of sorrow for the loss of her sweet companionship here, there will also be the assured hope of meeting by and by in that land where there is no sorrow. The Gospel that she loved, the christian service she rejoiced to render, and the sustaining power of the Divine promises which so comforted her heart, will come to this bereaved family with tender benedictions for them and with holy inspirations to bear them onward and upward. In this sweet ministry of Christ's love they will "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him;" from the heart they will say "All is well"

To the kind friends most intimately related to her spiritual life, who entered so heartily into her desires for usefulness and contributed so generously to aid her in carrying forward her plans, and to the beloved sister in Christ to whom she so fully and freely looked for counsel, with whom she had so many quiet talks of her Saviour, and to whom she so affectionately opened the secrets of her spiritual aspirations, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows,—while they drop tears of bereavement over her grave—there will come the glad thought of gratitude to God for the Providence which linked their lives so closely to hers, and enabled them to do so much for her comfort, peace and eternal blessedness.

To the classes she successively taught in the Sabbath school, to her associate teachers called to a similar work here, and to all the officers and members who knew her in life and remember her faithful service, there comes to-day

a voice which says, "cherish her memory, be imbued with her spirit of love to Christ, be like her, faithful in winning souls to the Redeemer."

To the associates of her school days, to her teachers and many friends, and to all who knew her quiet, noiseless ministry of love, and who received in any degree the benediction of her life and character, there comes the thought of gratitude to God for what she was and is, in precious memory to them, and a gentle voice as from Heaven above, saying, "Be ye faithful unto death that ye may wear crowns of Life Everlasting"





